



TRUE
HAPPINESS.
4 JY 65
A new SONG

Sung in the Publick Gardens

HAPPY Hours, all Hours excell-
ing,

When retir'd from crowds and noise,
Happy is that silent dwelling,
Fill'd with self-possessing charms.

Happy is that contented creature,
Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
And consults the voice of Nature,
When of roving fancy eas'd.

Every passion wisely moving,
Just as Reason turns the scale;
Every state of life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail.

Happy Man who thus possesses,
Life with some companion dear,
Joy imparted still increases,
Grief when told soon disappear.

